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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

WELL I remember, while but yet a child,
 Roaming thro' field, and shade, and winding vale;
 Ere yet the Sun had chas'd away the dew
 That hung in glitt'ring gems on every spray,
 How I would gaze with fondness on a flower,
 Tho' but the harebell, woodbine, or wild-rose;
 How I would listen to the Bee's soft horn;
 Mute how I stood to hear the warbling birds
 Pour forth their early songs to wake the day;
 What guileless rapture fill'd my little breast,
 Watching the trout dart thro' the chrystal stream.
 How have I joy'd to mock the cuckoo's note,
 And sing the simple song my nurse had taught me,
 That tells how cuckoo is a welcome bird!
 What pleasure too, to see the jolly train
 Of haymakers preparing for the field!
 'Tis e'en a pleasure now to recollect
 The tears I shed, that I might follow them.
 How has the sheep-bell, at the close of day,
 Mix'd with the bleating of the sportive lambs,
 The lowing of the herd, the cawing rooks
 Returning home, and ev'ry evening sound,
 And evening scene, touch'd me with new delight!
 O! happy days of youth, for éver fled!

Vainly I seek those pleasures to renew;
 Now life so long has run its weary round,
 'Tis a new world I live in, far less sweet
 Than once I knew, while yet a careless boy,
 A stranger to the world, and all its ways,
 Along the peaceful banks of Aire I stray'd,
 All unrestrain'd, as is the wand'ring breeze,
 That visits ev'ry brook, and ev'ry flower,
 And wis'd not of my fate in after life.

Was it, that as I roam'd, to guile unknown,
 My guardian-angel ever at my side,
 With kindest care presented to my eye
 All that was fairest in the face of things,
 Gave a new perfume to the flow'ry field,

And tun'd each sound in music to my ear?
 Or, might it be, when life was just begun,
 And ev'ry sense was fresh, and every nerve
 New strung, and aptly fitted to convey
 The fine sensation thrilling to the brain,
 That o'er the soul, the magic softer stole.
 And nature smil'd more lovely then, than now,
 Brighter each scene, and sweeter ev'ry sound?

Or, was it, that amid this paradise
 Stood the fair tree of Knowledge, holding forth
 Its tempting fruit, and promising to all
 Pleasures unknown before, but dealing death
 To those who taste, and stifling all their joys?
 O! that again I could become a child,
 Could throw aside each soul-oppressing care;
 Or that I ne'er had pluck'd the fatal fruit,
 And purchas'd knowledge at the price of bliss!

Can it be so, that science, gift of Heav'n,
 Which lifts man up, and purifies his nature,
 Makes him almost a God, and teaches him
 To wing his thoughts along the utmost verge
 Of vast creation, showing him the range
 Of planets, wheeling their stupendous round,
 And comets that return but once an age,
 True to their period round the glorious Sun;
 Can it be so, that science stifles joy?
 Or can it be, sublime philosophy,
 That thou, undoubted daughter of the Gods,
 Descended from the blissful seats of Heav'n,
 To civilize the stubborn sons of earth,
 Teach them their restless passions to subdue,
 To harmonize the thoughts, and bid the soul
 Look to a life long as eternity;
 O! can it be, that thou should'st mar our bliss?
 Forbid the thought! it were a libel foul
 Upon the Majesty supreme of Heav'n,
 Whose child thou art, in mercy sent below.

Latet as I watch'd the taper's dying light,
Musing on all the various turns of life;
On childhood's happy age, the school-boy's
cares,

The lover's pensive eye, and pallid cheek,
The soldier braving death for empty fame,
The busy statesman's ever-anxious mind,
And wrinkl'd age, with all its string of
woes,

Just bending to the earth from which it
sprung;

All seem'd to have their griefs, though
childhood least.

Oppressed I sat, the picture was too dark,
Scarce could I look on what myself had
drawn.

Sudden, methought I heard a gentle sound,
That slowly broke on midnight's solemn
ear.

It was thy voice, divine Philosophy,
That chid my gloomy thoughts, and whis-
per'd peace,

And show'd me whence the cares of life
proceed.

And thus with tongue, sweet as Apollo's
lute,

Thou pour'dst thine accents thro' the
gloom of night:

"Not to one state is happiness confin'd;
"Whilst yet a child thou hadst thy little
griefs,

"Tho' now so mellow'd by the touch of
time,

"All joys they seem. Thy boyhood had
its cares,

"And pleasures too, I ween;—Hast thou
forgot,

"How, when with anxious eye thy task
was conn'd,

"Thou and thy rivals marshall'd side by
side;—

"Thou hadst outstripp'd them all, and
gain'd the prize;

"And what was dearer still, the master's
smile.

"And when, neglecting wealth, neglecting
fame,

"Thy lyre was strung to sing Melissa's
charms,

"Hadst thou no rapturous joys?—Nay,
rather say,

"Thy griefs were joys, so tender was thy
pain.

"And now these follies, all dismiss'd, for-
got,

"An humble suppliant, kneeling at my
shrine,

"Filling thy urn with water at my fount,

"Hast thou no bliss? Whence then those
eager hopes

"That swell thy breast, and sparkle in
thine eye?

"And canst thou wish that thou hadst
never known,

"Hadst never eaten of the tree of know-
ledge?

"Whence then arose the raptures I have
marked,

"When thou hadst tasted of its sacred
fruit?

"Go, idle reasoner! know that all who
breathe,

"May, if they will, be happy. Over all
"The Almighty Father's constant care ex-
tends.

"Mortals have happiness within their
reach;

"But, slaves to passion, cannot, will not
grasp it.

"Their passions rage. Whatsoe'er their
state;

"Whether the light of youth sit on their
brow,

"Or age have touch'd them with his chilly
hand;

"Whether they own their heaps of count-
less gold,

"Or poor and needy, dig the earth for
bread;

"Whether the croud'd city's dusty streets,
"Or fragrant fields, and verdant vales
they range,

"Their passions unrestrained, spoil all
their joys,

"Lie in the bud, and nip the unform'd
fruit.

"A bosom free from envy, hatred, pride,
"The golden madness, and the lust of
power,

"With health, and just an easy compe-
tence,

"May taste of bliss in every state of life."

Such were the precepts of Philosophy!

DION.

TO CYNTHIO.

SWEET is the morning's opening eye;
Sweet are the opening scenes of life!
But clouds may mar the smiling sky
And childhood's joys be dashed with
strife.

Yet when beneath the burning noon,
The weary labourer droops his head;
With retrospective sighs, how soon
Mourns he the dewy morning fled